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A HIGH-EFFICIENCY FUEL IMPLOSION SYSTEM (and its Persecuted Inventor)

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Trial and Error, then Success

In the early 1970s I owned and operated a company called Debal Heating and Air Conditioning in Brockton, Massachusetts, USA. This was about the

time that we had that phony gasoline shortage. Each morning, I and 12 employees would sit in the gas line with six trucks to get a mere five gallons of gasoline.

As I sat in that gasoline line, day after day, I started to think: "There must be a better way. If they have the technology to put a man on the Moon, they must have the technology to get much better gas mileage."

I read everything that I could get my hands on about this technology. It wasn't long before I built my first fuel vaporisation system.

Well, sad to say, it didn't work. It made plenty of vapours and exploded like a bomb. Over 70 per

cent of my body received third-degree burns. I spent 69 days in intensive care, kissing death several times. Don't worry—all the bugs are worked out now.

October 15, 1983 was the birth of my fuel implosion vaporisation system. At this time I owned and operated a company in Brockton called Weatherall Energy Research and Development. I had just finished building a commercial, high-efficiency air conditioning evaporating coil. I poured one gallon of gasoline into one end to flush it out, and, to my surprise, massive fumes discharged from the other end—and all I got back was less than one cup of gasoline.

I started brainstorming. I miniaturised the air conditioning evaporator coil and installed it in a 1973 Dodge station wagon with a 318 engine. By early 1986 we had worked out all the shortcomings and bugs and had a working prototype that gave between 111 to 113 mpg.

We placed ads in the *Brockton Enterprise* and *Boston Globe*, seeking people to beta-test our fuel implosion system. It wasn't long before I got a call from a California corporation wanting exclusive rights to our invention. My attorney checked them out. They were a subsidiary of several other corporations, finally all owned by an oil company. I declined their offer.

THIS CAR GETS OVER 100 MPG AND DOESN'T POLLUTE THE AIR.

THE BIG BOYS ARE TRYING TO MAKE ME AND THIS CAR DISAPPEAR. HELP ME.

FBI Threats and Surveillance

Shortly thereafter, all my troubles started. First came two men, showing IDs, saying that they were from the FBI and that I was violating federal laws by altering carburetion systems and that if convicted I could get 20 years in a federal prison. I called my attorney and told him what happened. My attorney informed me that I wasn't in any violation of any federal laws.

If I'd been smart, I should have stopped there (but I am not too smart). For about the next two weeks I would receive every day in the mail, in a plain envelope, 8 x 10 close-up photos of my wife in the supermarket and church and my children getting on and off the school bus and in the playground at school (just pictures only). In addition, we would get all kinds of weird calls, mostly after 2 am. My wife couldn't take it any more; she filed for divorce and left me.

A few days later, my attorney showed up at my office, looking white as a ghost. He had all my legal files and records with him and placed them on my desk and said that he could no longer represent me in any legal matters. I asked why. All he would say was "Wake up" and that I did not understand. He had been my personal friend and attorney for over 16 years.

A Police Drugs Set-up

When my wife divorced me, my attorney abandoned me, what else could happen? I thought that nothing, nobody could stop me now—so on with my fuel implosion system. Boy, was I wrong! All hell opened up and swallowed me alive.

I am a very light drinker. If I drank six cans of beer a year, I did a lot of drinking. I never did drugs or was around anybody that did. But on July 4, 1986, the Chief of the Brockton Police, Richard Sprawls, with a bunch of other Brockton police, raided my Tremont Street, Brockton, home and arrested me for trafficking of cocaine. My bail was set at \$500,000.

I was lucky that I had a friend, Lt Jim Sullivan of the Brockton Police Department. He showed up at my bail hearing and said something to the Judge and my bail was reduced to \$500. Was somebody trying to tell me something?

Another Raid and a Daring Escape

Oh well, back to work. I built two more fuel implosion systems and installed them in a 1973 Oldsmobile Cutlass and a 1966 Mustang. I painted my 1973 Dodge station wagon bright yellow with big red letters all over it, saying:

THIS CAR GETS OVER 100 MPG AND DOESN'T POLLUTE THE AIR. THE BIG BOYS ARE TRY-ING TO MAKE ME AND THIS CAR DISAPPEAR. HELP ME.

I only got to drive my yellow wagon for three days.

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On November 24, 1986, Brockton Chief of Police Richard Sprawls and other members of the Brockton Police Department raided my Tremont Street home and seized two shotguns, a 12-gauge and a 20-gauge. Both were legally registered to me; I used to use them for skeet shooting. I was arrested and charged with trafficking of cocaine again.

My bail was revoked and I was placed in maximum security in the Plymouth house

of correction. I was sentenced to 15 years for the July 1986 trafficking of cocaine and was now waiting for the second trial for the November arrest.

I knew where I could get some solid evidence that would clear me, but I didn't know who to trust anymore.

So I escaped from maximum security.

Boy, I was lucky, as they had over 240 law enforcement officers searching for me with guns, dogs, helicopters, etc. I ran like a jackrabbit through the woods. My advantage was that the woods were my old hunting grounds.

I went and got my solid evidence and gave it to the right person and surrendered the same day.

Two days later, Brockton's Chief of Police was arrested for stealing cocaine from the police evidence locker. He was sentenced to two years in prison.

Remember the cocaine that Chief Richard Sprawls said he found at my home in July and November 1986? Now I

know where it came from: the police evidence locker. And it fell out of Chief Sprawls's pocket onto the floor in my home, where another Brockton police officer found it.

Well, the Massachusetts Supreme Court of Appeals overturned my cocaine trafficking conviction on the grounds of tainted evidence and an illegal search and seizure.

The Feds and False Charges

Freedom and home, here I come! Wrong again.

Here come the Feds... They had a warrant for my arrest for violating a new gun law that was passed on November 24, 1986. That was just 10 days after my arrest of November 14, 1986.

Remember the Brockton Police seized my two shotguns? Guess what? I had the privilege of being the first person in you'd ever been convicted of a felony. I checked the "No" box because I had never been convicted of a felony, just a misdemeanour.

Well, the Feds said that under federal law my misdemeanour was a felony, therefore I was guilty on two counts of perjury. They gave me five years on each count.

Next, I got five years for being a convicted felon in possession of a firearm.

Now I had been sentenced to a total of

15 years in federal prison without parole.

I was still sitting in the courtroom after a week of the trial, and my attorney said that the US attorney was trying me under the second part of the new law. My attorney said the trial would be short; wouldn't last more than 10 minutes. There was no way that I could be found guilty.

Well, it went like this: I was convicted as a felon in possession of a firearm; I was convicted of perjury; and I was convicted on a second count of perjury.

Bingo! I hit the jackpot! USC18922G-E1 states that if you have three prior felony convictions and have possession of a firearm, then you are an armed courier criminal and this carries a minimum mandatory sentence of 15 years without parole.

Now I had a total of 30 years in federal prison without parole.

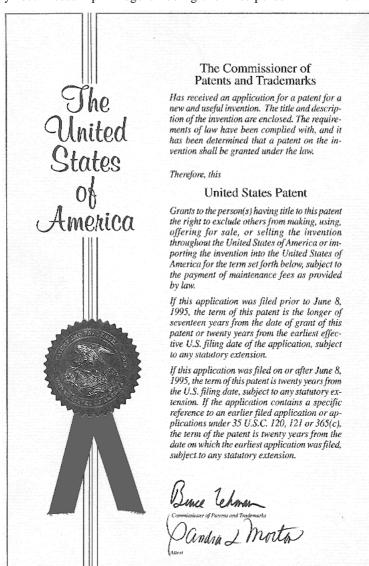
A Patent from Prison, then Parole

Well, the Feds have me tucked away for 30 years where I cannot cause any more trouble with my fuel implosion system. Wrong, wrong, wrong!

I met a lot of powerful people in the federal prison with powerful connections on the outside—among them Kenny D., whose son is a patent attorney

for a large patent law firm and who did our US Patent #5,782,225 while I sat in the safety of the federal prison system.

Remember the Feds sentenced me to 30 years without parole? Well, on September 13, 1997 (Friday the thirteenth, my lucky



Massachusetts and the third person in the United States to be tried, prosecuted and sentenced under this new law, USC 16921G and 924E. I didn't stand a chance; there was no case law in the law books to support my defence of this new law.

I was given two five-year sentences for perjury because, when I bought the two shotguns, there was a box that asked if

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day), I was released from federal prison with five years' parole.

Stop! Something's wrong here... I only did 10 years of a 30-year sentence, with no chance of parole.

Well, it took the federal courts to rule that it was legal for me to possess the two shotguns; that they had no jurisdiction and they would not rule on it. The case is now pending in the First District Court.

As at September 2001, it's been four years since I've been out of federal prison and I have been a good boy, nice and quiet...until now.

Making the Technology Available

In the past 20 years I've found out that the oil companies will do everything in their power to suppress this kind of technology because it could reduce the gasoline consumption in the United States by 76 per cent over a five-year term.

The government will lose megabucks in gasoline taxes.

The major car manufacturers will lose billions spent on the technology of the fuel injection systems. My technology makes theirs obsolete.

I've put all my patents and shop drawings up on our website for anybody to use for free! I am 58½ years young now, and the sand is running out of my hourglass fast. I don't want to take this technology to my grave with me.

If you think that I should get something out of this, then build my fuel implosion system and, after your fifth tank of gas, send me the price of a tank of gas-otherwise, I don't want a cent. If you believe that I and my patent and technology have been suppressed, then go back to the home page and vote "Yes" for this technology. Tell as many people as you can about my story. Ask them to do the same.

The reason I ask this is that I believe that millions of people around the globe want this kind of technology and know it exists. When we get enough people wanting this technology, I have powerful attorneys who know about it and are able to present it to the courts of the globe.

I will take my remaining seven cars, which have my fuel implosion system installed in them, out of exile and drive them from Boston to California with the whole world watching—and I think my chances of reaching California alive are excellent.

For more information, go to our website, www.get113to138mpg.com. To make this technology available to the public globally, vote "Yes" on the website. Or if you are one of those who oppose this type of technology, vote "No".

Thank you for your interest. Please help me spread the word far and wide.

> Sincerely, Allen Caggiano

Editor's Note:

Full details of Allen Caggiano's Fuel Implosion Vaporization System (US Patent #5,782,225, filed November 21, 1997, awarded July 21, 1998) are freely available at the author's website, www.get113to138mpg.com.

For general information on supercarbs/high-mileage fuel systems, visit inventor Bruce McBurne's website, www.himacresearch.com.

This article comes via *Electrifying* Times, whose 2002 preview edition included a feature on high-mileage carburettors and their suppression by the oil and auto companies. Visit their website at www.electrifyingtimes.com for details of more revolutionary technologies.

United States Patent [19]

Caggiano

[54] VAPORIZATION SYSTEM

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[21] Appl. No.: 975,880

[22] Filed: Nov. 21, 1997

Related U.S. Application Data

[63]	Continuation of Ser. No. 420,749, Apr. 12, 1995.
[51]	Int. Cl. ^e F02G 5/00; F02M 23/14
[52]	U.S. Cl 123/545; 165/164; 261/44.2;
	261/144; 261/152
[58]	Vield of Search

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[45]	Date of Patent:	Jul. 21, 1998

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ABSTRACT

A fluid vaporization system comprises a first fluid inlet for receiving a first fluid, a second fluid julet for receiving a second fluid, and a first discharge aperture for discharging the first fluid and the second fluid. A first connecting passage connects the first fluid inlet and the second fluid inlet in fluid communication with the first discharge aperture, mixes the first fluid and the second fluid to define a fluid mixture, and delivers the fluid mixture to the first discharge aperture. A third fluid inlet receives a third fluid and a second discharge aperture discharges the third fluid. A second connecting passage in heat transfer relationship with the first connecting passage an isa disaster reasonable must use his connecting passage connects the third fluid inlet in fluid communication with the second discharge aperture and delivers the third fluid from the third fluid inlet to the second discharge aperture to effect heat transfer from the third fluid to the fluid mixture such that the fluid mixture is discharged by the first discharge aperture in a vaporized state.

15 Claims, 8 Drawing Sheets

